

# UNITY

AND THE UNIVERSITY.

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

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A LARGE portion of our news space is occupied this week by Secretary Bellows's announcement of the coming National Conference, but the space given it is not proportionate to the importance of the event. Doctor Bellows used to say that the meeting of the National Conference always marked the apple year of the Unitarian fellowship, and we hope this year will be no exception. The work awaits us, and there is a band of workers ready and consecrated. We hope all our western churches will realize how valuable to their own work is this national touch, and see to it that full delegations be sent.

WE are glad to quote the following paragraph from a recent editorial of the *Northwestern Christian Advocate* on "Keeping the Faith", and to be so far in entire sympathy with our esteemed neighbor. It recalls some strong passages of F. W. Robertson's fine sermon on "God's Revelation of Heaven". We quote the title from memory, but the sermon is the opening one of the first volume of his discourses.

"A traditional faith, held because our fathers held it and the church teaches it, and not because we have proved it to be true by experience, is of little value to us. It has prompted great sacrifices, inspired the crusades and other religious wars, but there is one thing it never has done or can do: it never can feed a spiritual life or build up men in holiness and grace. Before it can do that it must become a living faith, wrought into the life by daily obedience and experience of its saving power."

THE *Christian Register* of last week publishes the first part of Mrs. Learned's most excellent paper on "The Spiritual Life of the Church", which was listened to with so much satisfaction at the last meeting of the Western Conference at Cincinnati, a paper which we wish might find its way into our "Unity Mission" series of Tracts. We cannot resist quoting a few sentences: "The ignorance which especially hinders spiritual work is moral ignorance,

which consists with a good deal of what the world calls education. \* \* Surely the time has come when the primal virtues of justice, mercy, temperance and purity, enjoined by all sects, vital to the soul of man, may be made of fundamental importance in all our schools. \* \* Let the arithmetic of the moral law be as indelibly fixed in the young mind as the multiplication table. \* \* Indifference is born of worldliness, as well as of ignorance, and there is no form of it more deadly to church life than that spirit of caste which has no better basis than a pitiful ambition for social advancement, and the vanity of wealth and fashion."

WE hope that those of our readers who have enjoyed the privilege of a summer holiday and are now returning to their homes, will experience anew the truth of the following sensible words taken from one of our exchanges:

"A month of travel is a year of education for men unaccustomed to it—education in human nature. The man who is easily jostled out of his composure has not been jostled enough. He needs to be thoroughly bumped about among his fellow-men until he notices a thousand little things as little as he notices a stray house-fly or a wandering bug. Too little human experience is worse often than a sensitive nature. We are all sensitive in some way, and getting used to being rubbed hard by human surroundings is necessary to taking comfort in our life. Nor is this all. The man of restricted opportunities gets ideas, and interests, and sympathies, and memories to take back to his narrow life and widen it, and lift up its sky. He is not only shaken by the change, he is informed and insensibly refined; he sees much without knowing it, and feels much without realizing it; he is trained in and for human fellowship."

IN the death of Fred P. Fisher, which occurred last week, the Church of the Messiah, in this city, lost one of its most faithful and diligent members; and Chicago an old, tried and worthy citizen; a resident in this city for nearly thirty-six years, during which time he has seldom been out of active official service in his chosen church, having served it as a member of the choir, Sunday-school teacher, superintendent of the Sunday-school, and various other positions of trust and labor. At the time of his death he was treasurer of the society! His genial presence will be much missed. The manly life made the sudden death no calamity. It was merited rest after faithful labor,—the best preparation for the realities of the ampler life in store for him. The funeral services took place in the church he loved and served so well. Bishop Fallows, of the Reformed Episcopal church, an old friend and member of the family, and the senior editor of *UNITY*, conducted the exercises.

DAVID SWING in the August number of *Literary Life* has a suggestive article on the novel, which he characterizes as "the limited biography of man as a love-maker", but he also wisely says, "A valuable novel may be detected by marking whether it contains only the adventure of two smitten hearts or whether it contains also some of the unfolding of the general ways and means of individual and national well-being. \* \* To be truly great the novel must go beyond its courtship and wedding and find some religion or philosophy or politics which its perfumes and love letters can ornament", but we are afraid that the *Nation* is right when it declares that such a novel is on the decline; that the "thoughtful novel filled with reflections and speculations, even though it be as good as George



Eliot's, would fare worse than thirty years ago." The newest school of novel writers, at least in America, seem to aspire to be little more than stenographic reporters of the brightest conversations of society people who are wise and otherwise. This, however, well done, is dealing in cut flowers. The bouquets have but a passing beauty. The true lover of flowers will always prefer the grower of plants who enables him to study root as well as leaf, the process of fruit-bearing as well as the fragrance of the blossom. We live in an age that is preeminently a novel reading one, and if it is to be saved from becoming inane, flippant, conventional and superficial, the novel must carry us back of words to thoughts, aye back of thoughts themselves to the subtle forces that lead to thinking. They must not only offer action, but must analyze the act, teach us the subtle chemistry of conduct.

OUR advertisements, sometimes at least, have more than commercial interest to our readers. Such was the one on the last page of our last week's issue, announcing the opening of another great retail house in Chicago, on the corner of Wabash avenue and Adams street. The appearance of what is probably the second largest store in the city some four blocks away from the old retail center marks the rapid though almost unconscious growth of the city southward, and the appearance of the name of Thomas Kilpatrick as managing partner marks the loss of Cleveland of one of its most enterprising and sterling men, and the gain of Chicago of a business man whose enterprise is not divorced from integrity, and whose executive power does not overlay the intellect's relish for ideas, or the conscience's grasp of principles. In his removal, Unity church of Cleveland loses one of its most earnest supporters, and Mr. Hosmer one of his right hand men. As citizens of Chicago, we welcome the new house of James H. Walker & Co. to a place in the prosperity of our city. As Unitarians, we welcome Mr. Kilpatrick to our fellowship, and take great pleasure in presenting our genial friend of many years to the friends of liberal faith and all progressive things in general, and to the readers of UNITY in particular.

#### THE "ALL-OR-NONE" THEORY OF THE BIBLE.

The *Independent* in a recent editorial note says: "There are a great many people in the world who call themselves Christians and, at the same time say plainly that they do not believe the Bible—i. e., they 'do not believe *all of it*'; they do not believe it as it is written; they do not believe all its historical statements, its statements about Noah, the ark and the flood, its statements about Lot and Sodom and Lot's wife, about the Israelites looking at the brazen serpent and being healed, about the feeding of the children of Israel in the wilderness with manna, about Jonah and the whale, about the speaking of Balaam's ass, about the curses of the Egyptians, and 'sundry other things'." In the same connection Mr. Moody's recent address at Plainfield, N. J., is warmly endorsed by the editor, who says: "We have never seen or heard the simple truth about the Bible presented more clearly and concisely", and the editorial nail is driven in by the following *anecdotal* hammer: [The italics are ours.]

"A well-known clergyman and Doctor of Divinity, who stands high in the Christian community, said to a young man with whom he was talking in a most friendly way, and doubtless honestly trying to do him good: 'You ask me if I really believe the Bible; and I will answer you frankly by saying that I do not believe *all of it*.' He then went on explaining the matter, trying to make himself well understood. But, to sum up the case in a few words, the clergyman taking the young man into his confidence, in the private interview referred to, said, in substance, that many statements in the Bible, principally in the Old Testament, such as we have referred to above, he did not believe. They were contrary to reason, he affirmed, and 'therefore we are not called upon to believe them.' Those unwise remarks to that young man took root, have grown, and have been used by him since in his arguments with others. 'Why,' says the young man, even to his own father, 'your best Christians, even Dr.

Blank, don't believe the Bible—i. e., many parts of it—for he told me so; and how can I, a young man, tell what to believe and what not to believe?' It is *dangerous business*—that of teaching anywhere, publicly or privately, to any one, young or old, that the statements of the Bible—any of them, however trivial—are not reliable."

Does the *Independent* really mean to affirm that there is not a single "statement" of the Bible, "however trivial", that is not "reliable"? And if there be statements that are no longer correctly interpreted as credible history, that are no longer so regarded by the best scholarship of the time in all religious bodies, (as certainly there are), we fail to see how it is "dangerous business" to say so. Indeed, the "dangerous business" would seem to us to be just that to which the *Independent* is lending itself in this editorial note. The Bible suffers far more to-day from the false claims made for it than from the larger and freer criticism that would separate its history from legend, and its abiding moralities and spiritual truths from primitive customs and outgrown ideas. This "all-or-none" theory of the Bible has had its day. If pressed upon the average man among the masses of the people to-day, the scale is much more likely to dip towards the "none" than the "all". What the mass of the people need is such a presentation of these ancient scriptures as shall reveal their deep insight into the issues of conduct, their grasp of spiritual truth, their examples of righteousness, their enforcement of conscience and a spiritual faith, without putting side by side with these, as of equal importance and certainty, traditions and marvels that, for the man who reads a newspaper to-day, to hear of is necessarily to doubt and disbelieve. There may be those like the "young man" above referred to, who, upon learning that Jonah probably did not live three days in a whale's belly and then come forth whole and unharmed, ask their fathers—"How can I tell what to believe and what not to believe?" Such evidently need considerable preparation in order to read intelligently any book whatever. But this type we are glad to believe, and we think ourselves amply justified in believing—is not representative of the mass of our young men and women; and it is for these that consideration must be had and whom the minister of to-day meets both in private intercourse and in his public preaching. It is for these that the Bible is to be interpreted and explained, and all this in a way which shall be in harmony with the historic method and literary judgment which we to-day are coming to apply to all records of the past. It is "dangerous business" for any well-informed minister to ignore the intelligence of this larger class while he sets before him the extreme limitations of "Dr. Blank's" young man and makes them the measure of popular appreciation and capacity. He may save an occasional young man or woman from the mental activity of a live doubt touching biblical infallibility, but he will hardly win a far larger class to the intelligent appreciation and love of the real beauty and strength of the heights and depths of the Jewish and Christian scriptures.

In view of such talk as the foregoing from the editorial columns of a journal like the *Independent* we must confess, in some measure at least, the justice of the following passage from a recent number of the *London Christian World*. Singularly enough, it came to our notice the same day on which we read the *Independent's* editorial note.

"So far as Biblical criticism is concerned, or in regard to the intellectual relations of science and religion, we do not know that we have much to learn from our American brethren. In fact, what strikes us in reading their religious newspapers and magazines is a certain tone of timid conservatism contrasting singularly with the more daring spirit of theological liberalism on our side of the water. For instance, in an article by Professor David Swing, contributed to the 'Forum'—a magazine that is Unitarian if denominational at all—we find the religious world pictured as longing, like Rasselas, to 'blast openings in the old walls of adamant', and to break out into regions of freer thought. But, to our surprise, on reading further, we find these 'old walls of adamant' to be Calvinistic doctrines of foreordination and reprobation, and literal interpretations of Jonah and the story of Lot's wife, such as would scarcely be heard here even from the most venerable of old-fashioned preachers."



# UNITARIAN ORGANIZATION. X.

"Nothing is ever settled that is not settled right."—*Charles Sumner.*

"God is immanent in the moral nature of every man, and whoever permanently accepts or rejects the innermost voice of conscience, accepts or rejects the essential Christ."—*Joseph Cook.*

"If Christianity is not identity with all truth and goodness it is doomed."—*Cyrus A. Bartol.*

"The foundations of essential Christianity are to be laid in the soul, lower much than any subject of controversy."—*William Mountford.*

In these desultory notes on Unitarian organization, the object has been to recall for the newer and younger members of our societies some of the facts of our history; to show that on historic as well as on rational grounds we need not shrink from reading the testimony, but should rather be proud of the fidelity exhibited and the record made in behalf of liberty and progress.

Our most ambitious project in the direction of united action was made when the National Conference was called into being in New York city, April, 1865. It grew out of intense dissatisfaction with existing methods and results. With a great opportunity and need there was no way to meet the emergency. The American Unitarian Association, which had been able to raise but \$6,800, that year, realized the situation, lent itself to forwarding this measure, and issued a call through a committee of its own appointment. Doctor Bellows, of New York, was the moving spirit. The liberal faith was now to be nationalised—all our churches being invited to be represented by the pastor and two delegates. Lest any should fear for their congregational independence, a circular letter declared of the coming convention: "It can, of course, do nothing to abridge the independence and freedom of our individual churches, nor to force upon any parties to it any common action which they do not heartily approve. Whatever it does, must and will be done with a tender regard to our congregational principles and our individual liberty."

Moreover, after the assembling of the delegates, and before the organic act of the conference was entered upon or even proposed, it was unanimously "*Resolved*, That to secure the largest Unity of the Spirit, and the widest practical co-operation of our Body, it is hereby understood that all the resolutions and declarations of this Convention are expressions only of its majority, committing in no degree those who object to them, claiming no other than a moral authority over the members of the Convention, or the churches represented here, and are all dependent wholly for their effect upon the consent they command on their own merits from the churches here represented, or belonging within the circle of our special fellowship."

It was known, however, that there were wide differences of theological opinion "on themes of vital import" among the delegates, and the "era of good feeling" was quickly ended when the preamble of the proposed constitution was read for adoption. It was couched in a phraseology which in its obvious interpretation and intent cut square across the convictions of some present. The phraseology was to them obsolete and in this position offensive. It implied doctrines which they rejected. It implied a special quality, a supernatural authority, an infallible perfection in Jesus and in Christianity which in the light of modern thought was no longer tenable.

"WHEREAS, The great opportunities and demands for Christian labor and consecration at this time increase our sense of the obligations of all disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ to prove their faith by self-denial, and by the devotion of their lives and possessions to the service of God, and the building-up of the Kingdom of his Son,"—so ran the preamble.

"Therefore, the Christian churches of the Unitarian faith here assembled unite," etc.

Rev. David A. Wasson was the first to protest against the use of this language. Others followed. To the phrase *Lord Jesus Christ* it was objected that Unitarians recog-

nized but one Lord—the Lord God. Even Jesus said, Call no man Master, and discouraged the calling him Lord, Lord, commanding the disciples to do the will of the Father. So of the *Kingdom of his Son*. Unitarians do not recognize Jesus as King—as any absolute or final authority; their King is the King of Kings, even Jehovah. But the preamble and constitution were adopted by a large majority.

So much discussion resulted from the action of the Conference, however, that it soon became plain enough that no acquiescence in the preamble could be counted upon. It was boasted of as a conservative victory, and by just as much as this result was magnified in significance by the conservative party, by just so much the radical party found themselves in a false position. So that at the next meeting held in Syracuse in October 1866, an effort was made to secure an amendment.

This movement was led by Rev. Francis E. Abbot. Again and again had the adopted phraseology been quoted as committing all members of the Conference to certain theological views concerning the person and mission of Jesus, which many preachers and laymen in the denomination no longer held. Concerning the title *Lord*, Doctor Bellows could say, "The essence of the Christian religion is lodged in the phrase in question." Mr. Abbott's idea was substantially that of Doctor Arnold, of Rugby, who said: "All societies of men, whether we call them states or churches, should make their bond to consist in a common object and a common practice rather than in a common belief; in other words, their end should be *good* rather than truth. We may consent to act together, but we cannot consent to believe together."

And so to embody in the constitution not merely what the majority happened at that time to think, but what all men invited to the conference wanted to do, Mr. Abbot offered this amendment:

"WHEREAS, The object of Christianity is the universal diffusion of love, righteousness and truth and the attainment of this object depends, under God, upon individual and collective Christian activity; and collective Christian activity, to be efficient, must be thoroughly organized; and

"WHEREAS, Perfect freedom of thought, which is at once the right and duty of every human being, always leads to diversity of opinion, and is therefore hindered by common creeds or statements of faith; and

"WHEREAS, The only reconciliation of the duties of collective Christian activity and individual freedom of thought lies in an efficient organization for practical Christian work, based on unity of spirit rather than on uniformity of belief:—

"ART. I. Therefore the churches here assembled, disregarding all sectarian or theological differences, and offering a cordial fellowship to all who will join with them in Christian work, unite," etc.

The amendment did not prevail; nor were any terms of amicable adjustment reached. Not a few men were made doubtful of the practicability of Unitarian organization. Some withdrew from the denominational work. Men agreeing individually with the sentiment of the preamble deplored the use made of it—saw that it was out of place in the organic basis of a denomination spurning dogmatic limits which included a considerable body of preachers and laymen to whom it was objectionable, who could not assent to it without casuistry or hypocrisy.

Dr. Orville Dewey said: "The fact is, the Conference is wrong. The conduct of the majority, in my opinion, is inconsistent and ungenerous." To his friend Doctor Bellows he wrote: "I do not and cannot give up the miraculous element in Christianity. But I embrace our whole denomination in my sympathies. I have never given that exclusive place to Christianity that many do. And I certainly think the minority in the Conference has had hard measure from the majority."

Doctor Bartol said: "A preamble after warm three-fold discussion from year to year, is re-adopted to express the fundamental Unitarian faith by the single article of the Lordship of Jesus Christ. But the moral sense disowns this soleness or supremacy. To make him a finality is to make him a fetich, and we have a fetich now regularly



installed in the Unitarian church, occupying room which the only adorable Spirit should fill."

And Doctor Furness before a "Conference of Liberal Christians" in Pennsylvania, said of those who wished the preamble changed: "In thus protesting, our brothers have the warrant of impregnable truth and the protest is conceived in the spirit of Jesus himself, and proves them to be maintaining the very cause to which and for which he gave his life. Had I been present at Syracuse I could not have hesitated to give my cordial assent to the broader ground of fellowship which was proposed in the form of an amendment to the preamble of the resolutions adopted at the previous conference in New York. And I should have been moved thereto, not only by a clear sense of truth, but also by the conviction that the Lord Jesus himself, had he been present, would have given his voice therefor."

By the next meeting of the National Conference in 1868, it was felt that something must be done to counteract the harm caused by the uncompromising attitude held at Syracuse. The advanced party had been pointed to the preliminary resolutions of the first meeting in which all declarations were said to be "only expressions of the majority." But this was cold comfort, it was only a resolution. So it was made into an amendment to the constitution and presented as a ninth article, by James Freeman Clarke, which after slight modification was almost unanimously adopted.

To some, however, this seemed an excess of liberality. In 1870 Rev. George H. Hepworth was at the front demanding a "banner", "a campaign document", "a simple statement of faith". So after long debate the IXth article of the constitution took this form: "Reaffirming our allegiance to the gospel of Jesus Christ, and desiring to secure the largest unity of the spirit, and the widest co-operation, we invite to our fellowship all who wish to be followers of Christ."

The constitution remained unchanged until 1882. Not that any greater satisfaction with the preamble had prevailed. Dislike had rather increased than otherwise. But no measures to change it had been set on foot. At Saratoga this year, it was thought best to make some form of protest. It came in the shape of another article to the constitution framed and urged by Rev. M. J. Savage.

"ARTICLE X. While we believe that the preamble and articles of our constitution fairly represent the opinions of the majority of our churches, yet we wish distinctly to put on record our declaration that they are no authoritative test of Unitarianism, and are not intended to exclude from our fellowship any who, while differing from us in belief, are in general sympathy with our purposes and practical aims."

This amendment was passed without one dissenting vote. It called forth almost no debate, and at the time seemed very satisfactory. What the next proposed change will be no one can say. There are those, and among our most eminent and venerated men, who believe that there is no more need of a constitution and by-laws for our National Conference, than there was for the regular autumnal convention, into whose place it came. Certainly a well-considered "order of business" would cover all that is needed for our most efficient union in religious work. And it would remove finally a bone of contention, a subject of controversy in the shape of a constitution, which in its present condition is creditable neither to our logic nor our literature. And if it has ever done anything for love and piety, it must be among those whose memories are not refreshed by the historic associations of our assemblies in New York and Syracuse.

J. C. L.

#### A THREE-LEAF CLOVER.

Oh, sisters three, in shady nook,  
For friends you have the flowers and trees;  
The four-leaf, pressed in mouldy book,  
With all its favors has not these.

CHARLES K. BOLTON.

## Contributed Articles.

### THE THREEFOLD TESTIMONY.

"God is Love."—*St. John.*

"God is the Summit of Truth."—*Emerson.*

"God is the Best that man can know."—*Matthew Arnold.*

Still "from faith to faith" uplifted,  
Living out his sense of Right,  
Man moves Godward through the ages  
Climbing slow from height to height.

"Father, Son, and Holy Spirit"—  
So the earlier souls confess:  
We, their latest heirs, inherit  
Love and Truth and Righteousness.

Christ-like Love, the Eternal Human,  
Shall walk with us through all time.  
Righteousness, the Eternal Helpful,  
Lifts us toward Truth sublime.

Something grander than our finite,  
Something higher than our best,  
All enfolding, all upholding,  
To the soul made manifest.

This is God, the great Eternal,—  
Be he what he may or where,  
In his being he uniteth  
Wisdom, Love, and helpful Care.

ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON.

CINCINNATI.

### HISTORIC UNITARIANISM IN THE WEST.

[Compiled largely from the Conference Records.]

IV. EARLY MISSIONARY WORK AND FINANCE.—ANTI-SLAVERY.

(Continued from p. 349.)

From this sketch of the doctrinal growth and fellowship of our Conference brought down to today, we turn back to the early years to draw other outlines of our history. The shortest way to hint the earnest spirit and the vigor with which the Conference set about its *missionary work* will be to venture on a few dry business details from its first meetings.

[1852.] It was determined at the organization of the Conference that its object should be "the support of domestic or home missionaries, the publication of tracts, the distribution of religious books, the promotion of theological education, and extending aid to such societies as may need it." To accomplish this "the several churches composing this Conference shall annually collect and pay over to the Treasurer such funds as they may feel able to contribute for the purpose of forming a regular fund to carry out their purpose efficiently." "There shall be an Executive Committee of five, of which the President shall be *ex-officio* chairman, whose duty it shall be to devise ways and means, direct the distribution and expenditure of the means in the treasury, under the general direction, however, of the Conference." "The Executive Committee are recommended to give early attention to the establishment of depots of Books and Tracts in the West."

[1853.] At the first annual meeting the Secretary reported that in "one book-store in Cincinnati the works of Channing, Ware, Worcester, Eliot and other writers had been placed for sale, or gratuitous distribution when desirable," though there seems to have been but little call for them. Two missionaries had been put into the field, one of whom, Boyer of Cannelton, Iowa, had already died in the service. *The Christian Repository*, published at Meadville, came into this year's report; also Doctor Eliot's "Doctrinal Sermons", which had now been republished in tract form by the A. U. A. His "Lectures to Young Men" and "to Young Women" were also being freely circulated. The loudest call, however,



was not for money, but for men—consecrated, devout, earnest men; men, too, of a high order of intellectual attainment, and a faith so strong and a love so intense for this work and its ultimate value that ready-built churches, well organized societies, and an assured salary could not lure them hence. Mr. Livermore, near the close of his admirable report, says, "We must have patience, indeed, but we must have progress. In these two lines of action, theological indoctrination and religious life and reformation, we see before us a work of immeasurable extent, variety, interest and duration in the boundaries of the Conference." The Treasurer's Report shows receipts, \$1,195.22: expenditures for missionary services and publications, \$1,074.30.

[1854.] To Louisville, Ky., delegates came not only from the following societies in the West—Buffalo, N. Y., Meadville and Pittsburgh, Pa., Austenburg, Cincinnati and Cleveland, O., Detroit and Jackson, Mich., Cannelton and Keokuk, Iowa, Louisville, Ky., Milwaukee, Wis., Nashville, Tenn., St. Louis, Mo., Alton, Belvidere, Chicago, Elgin, Freeport, Geneva, Hillsboro, Joliet, Lockport, Peoria, Quincy and Rockford, Ill., and some from Antioch hat in hand,—but a number from the Christian denomination, and from Portland, Me., Marblehead, Salem, Worcester, Roxbury, New Bedford and Boston, Mass., New York and Brooklyn, N. Y., Charleston, S. C. Revs. C. Lincoln and G. W. Briggs came bearing fraternal greetings from the A. U. A. Father Taylor and Peter Cooper among others lent the benediction of their presence.

It was resolved that as far as possible the West should be divided into districts, and that each district be placed in the hands of some one, either lay or clergy, who shall ascertain who in said district are Unitarian, and who are willing to act as lay missionaries in the distribution, loan, or sale of books and tracts, and at what points there are Unitarians enough to form the nucleus of a society, and their willingness and ability to support services. These presiding elders of a district were to report annually at the Conference.

The Treasurer's report shows some very efficient and active work done:

Contributions for missionary purposes, from Buffalo, N. Y., \$310; Louisville, Ky., \$291; Chicago, Ill., \$215; Cincinnati, O., \$625; Geneva, Ill., \$39; Quincy, Ill., \$34; Cannelton, Iowa, \$1.05; St. Louis, Mo., \$1,325; Meadville, Pa., \$100; from five individual isolated Unitarians, \$250. In all, \$3,190.05, besides special donations for the circulation of Channing's Works and Forrest's History of the Trinity, \$105; sale of books and tracts, \$44.35; interest, \$15.16, which, with balance on hand at the beginning of the year, gave a fund of \$3,424.28.

And the Conference expended, in aid of struggling societies, to Jackson, Mich., \$100; Milwaukee, Wis., \$100; Wheeling, Va., \$100. In Illinois, to Rockford, 175; Quincy, \$40; Geneva, \$9; Belvidere, \$100; Alton, \$50, and a German Evangelical Society in Chicago, \$110; Toronto, Canada, \$74; a church in Belfast, Ireland, \$250. Total, \$1,108. And for missionary work in Eastern Ohio, \$100; in Michigan, \$391; in Iowa and Western Illinois, \$430; in Missouri and Southern Illinois, \$500; in Chicago, \$15, and vicinity, \$20. Total, \$1,456. For printing Conference reports, \$131.60. For book distribution, \$474.15. To the Meadville Theological School, \$250. All aggregating \$3,419.75 paid out to carry on the work of the Conference.

A letter was received and read from Rev. Benjamin Parsons, of New York, which called forth a tender, heart-felt resolution thanking him for his "large and generous donation of books to our depositories, and expressing the earnest hope that the pure faith he was so anxious to diffuse in the West" might be the stay and comfort of his declining years. What were these silent missionaries? Where did they go? Where are they now? They have undoubtedly been a "lump of leaven" which a devout man "hid in a measure of meal," and, if we only knew

where to look, we would find the whole measure leavened somewhere, perhaps in the form of an ameliorated Calvinism, or a bit of "New Orthodoxy."

[1855.] At Buffalo there gathered an enthusiastic company from East and West, with one friend, via San Francisco, from the Sandwich Islands. The Conference reported the expenditure of \$2,627.65 for missionary work done, and it determined to push still further its efforts in this direction by providing in part for the salaries of several missionaries—one to Kansas, one to the Chippewa Indians—and also to extend the work in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and the South. Dr. Lathrop, President of the A. U. A., and Dr. Miles, its Secretary, asked the Conference to co-operate with them in raising \$50,000 to publish Unitarian literature for free distribution, to which the Conference heartily assented; also passing a resolution of gratitude to the A. U. A. for the Western Department in *The Monthly Journal*, and recommending that a contribution be made to the A. U. A. sufficient to send that periodical into every family within the Conference limits.

The book and tract distribution seems to have been very successful. The publication most called for was "Unitarian Views," published by the Conference, and the next in demand seems to have been Kays's "Twenty Questions to Trinitarians,"—showing a decided awakening of interest in theological problems. The Conference closed with an urgent appeal to the churches not only to increase their subscriptions, but to be more prompt in their payments, as tardy instalments crippled missionary efforts.

[1856.] The interest awakened by the four previous meetings, and the prompt, efficient work following them, may be inferred from the gathering in Chicago, where Illinois was represented by delegates from twelve different points, New York five, Wisconsin three, Pennsylvania, Michigan and Ohio two each, Kentucky, Missouri, Iowa, Indiana, Georgia and Maryland one each, beside a large delegation from the farther East and from the Christian connection.

The Treasurer's report shows an expenditure in missionary work and book distribution of \$2,579.08, beside the \$800 in books and \$150 towards salaries reported from the Brookes Fund, making an aggregate of \$3,529.08. The Conference was jubilant over the past year's prosperity and usefulness and the hopeful promise of the future, declared its belief that "Unitarianism is 'the bread of life,' and angels' food", and resolved "that ministers of the Lord Jesus Christ, who would succeed in the West, must be willing to labor in season and out of season, 'come life or come death,' for his master's sake"; also that "by recognizing and fulfilling a practical mission the church would gain a more thorough fellowship and vitality within, and win a larger respect and confidence in the world at large."

The Executive Committee reported: "The year's experience confirms the testimony borne by the previous years to the valuable service which the Conference renders to all connected with it. Through it our churches have come to know and love each other. . . . From all quarters we hear of awakening interest in Liberal Christianity. The demand is for living men and live books. . . . Your Committee on behalf of the Conference would heartily thank the A. U. A. for its noble effort to supply the whole country with most valuable religious works, and we are sure our churches will further its efforts." It was also resolved to employ one or more colporteurs to distribute and sell our literature.

[1857.] A Conference memorable in the annals of Western Unitarianism was this one at Alton, Ills. The Treasurer's report shows \$2,028.63 expended in missionary work. Nine struggling societies were aided in maintaining regular Sunday services, one missionary was assisted financially in his efforts to carry the gospel of Love to the unchurched, and contributions were made to the Beneficiary fund of the Meadville Theological School and to the A. U. A.

Never had our body come together with more hope,



courage, enthusiasm than here. But it met in troublous times. The Dred Scot decision, the universal aggressive effort on the part of the slave power, the "peace-at-any-price" policy of our northern politicians, had brought about such conditions that a true follower of Jesus could no longer maintain silence nor ignore the stupendous wrong. The Conference had either to meet the issue or accept the yoke. So nervously cautious had it been that, even after the attack on Charles Sumner and the Kansas outrages, resolutions condemning both were gently smothered. Now the hour had come, and T. J. Mumford moved that "the order of business be so changed as to take up at once the third topic, 'Social Reform'." Rev. M. D. Conway thereupon presented some uncompromising anti-slavery resolutions, insisting that the ministry everywhere lift up its voice in the interest of God and humanity. A delegate inquired whether his intention was the passage of the resolutions, or to elicit discussion. "*Their passage*", replied Mr. Conway. Judge Treat, of St. Louis, insisted that the Conference had no right to lay down any platform either theological or political,—great injury was done the church and humanity "by the agitation of such abstract questions". He would "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and unto God the things that are God's". James Freeman Clarke fully agreed with Judge Treat, but in this case "Cæsar had got something belonging to God and Cæsar ought to give it up". Nor did he believe in "discussing abstract questions. It is not slavery in the abstract, but slavery in the concrete I object to. The Conference is a public body and bound by public obligations. As a church we are, North and South, anti-slavery, and as such ought to put ourselves on record." And now came protests, amendments, counter-resolutions, accusations of having "come bottled for the occasion". Even Doctor Hosmer, while he had "little objection to the resolutions doubted the right of the Conference to pass resolutions by a majority vote". U. T. Howe, of Detroit, said, "It was my hand that drafted the constitution, and I am compelled to dissent from the interpretation of the president." Mr. Conway made a strong appeal in favor of his resolutions against a crime that "denies millions marital or parental rights, requires ignorance as a condition, encourages licentiousness and cruelty, scars a country all over with incidents that appal and outrage the human world".

A recess for other business, and then the subject was renewed with a set of substitute resolutions proposed by Doctor Eliot, of St. Louis: (1) That all subjects of social reform should be left to individual judgment. (2) That each church and minister is bound conscientiously to adopt such principles and pursue such course as seems to them right. (3) That the delegates have no authority to prescribe principles, modes of action or articles of faith for the churches they represent. These the chairman, William Greene, of Cincinnati, the vice-president of the Conference, "ruled out as not germane". Doctor Eliot appealed from the chair, and this precipitated another very animated discussion, terminating in Rev. R. R. Shippen's resolution that the whole matter be referred to a committee of five, which passed; and the chair appointed Doctor Eliot, Judge Treat, Revs. M. D. Conway, N. A. Staples and J. F. Clarke. Doctor Eliot and Judge Treat declining to serve, Rev. J. H. Heywood, pastor of the church at Louisville, Ky., and U. T. Howe were substituted. The committee reported through Mr. Heywood, chairman,—and who could have been more fitly chosen for the office than one so ever ready to "pour oil upon troubled waters", with a heart deeply rooted in his parish among slave-owning people, but staunchly loyal to his convictions at whatever cost? He stated as the *Question*: "What opinion does this Conference hold in regard to Slavery, and what course of action will it prescribe to the churches connected with it?" And for *Report* (a little condensed): "The committee find the Conference of one mind on the subject,—that slavery is an evil doomed by God to pass away through the influence of Jesus's teaching of the Fatherhood of God and brotherhood

of man, and of that all-powerful spirit of love, born of God, which rejoices in rendering hearty obedience to the divine injunction 'to do unto all others as we would have them do unto us'." Though the committee could prescribe no course for the individual churches, it recommended that they "return to their several homes to work with earnestness and single-mindedness to do all within their ability in their respective spheres to christianize society." Doctor Eliot, although in the habit of bearing personal testimony against slavery, felt that the Conference in accepting this report, as it was likely to do, would be traveling out of its sphere. In his opinion it had no right to lay down any platform, and he respectfully requested the erasure of his name from the list of delegates. Judge Treat and a few others followed him, but his colleague pastor, Rev. C. A. Staples, remained with the Conference. There had been all the concession that truth, righteousness and love would permit. The original resolutions had been cheerfully withdrawn by Mr. Conway, and the report most carefully worded, leaving each society to act as seemed to it wisest and best. It was the unanimous conviction of the Conference, even of those who opposed the public expression of it, and it passed with but one dissenting voice, after a day and a half of earnest agitation and deep emotion. It cost the Conference the Church of the Messiah, St. Louis, the wealthiest and most efficient church in its fellowship, and the border churches some of their wealthiest members.

It was an intense meeting, such as comes to a body of this kind only at long intervals, and tests the real spiritual courage of its members. One of our four great and *crisis* Conferences. Strange to us now, in the light of to-day, is the fact that the action of the Conference was not received throughout the "free states" with the enthusiasm it deserved. To too many, who looked upon the matter only in the "abstract", the action was "unwise", an "ill-advised agitation". But the Conference, true to its spirit and aim, stood strongly by truth, right, love and liberty, leaving the results to God and posterity.

Rev. C. A. Staples, in his report for the Missionary Committee in 1866, writes of these first five years of the Conference life (1852-57): "They were years of earnest work and substantial growth. Upwards of \$25,000 was raised during this period by our churches, for educational and religious purposes—planting new churches, strengthening old ones, binding our scattered forces together, and making them effective in the spread of our ideas and the increase of our power. . . . The great questions agitating society touched us all, and we could not ignore them in our Conference meetings. We were bound as honest and Christian men to give our influence unmistakably for Freedom and Right. Much of the old fervor and pleasantness of our meetings was destroyed. Still it was a valuable and inevitable experience. It showed what kind of material we were made of, and the sort of work we were trying to do."

(To be continued.)

S. C. LL. J.

## Correspondence.

DEAR UNITY:—When discussion concerning the basis of fellowship in our "Western Unitarian Conference" seemed imminent in your paper, I was fearful that harm rather than good would come to our Unitarian Zion. I dreaded the result. But since the storm has been so gentle, and since the clouds have poured down their rain, the earth looks greener and the sky brighter than ever before. The discussion has been useful, I think, in the discrimination of moral character. The elasticity and the toughness of moral fibre in individuals has been thoroughly tested. Fear of popular opinion has been subordinated to the love of truth. Faith has triumphed over timidity and doubt. What remains now to be done but to make a practical application of the principles that have been so ably vindicated?

J. S. B.



SYMPATHY.

A SERMON BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

What, could ye not watch with me one hour?—Matt. xxvi : 40.

You recall the circumstances which called forth this exclamation. The intense public life of two or three years is rapidly approaching a violent end. The soul that has thrilled with ecstatic visions of the heavenly kingdom, where purity is to be unsullied by passion, where violence is to be unknown, and love is to be universal, finds the fate of a malefactor hanging over it. Jesus has visited for the last time the dear village retreats of Bethany. The love of Mary, an ointment more precious than spikenard, has anointed his head for the burial. He has faced again the rabble-driven courts of Jerusalem, he has taken touching farewell from his chosen associates in the upper chamber, the parting kiss has been given, he has lifted his anxious head from the bosom of the beloved disciple, and has gone out into the midnight darkness. At last the fortitude even of Jesus almost gives way. With three chosen friends he seeks relief in prayer. But as some one has said, he is too lonely even to pray, and he returns to find these, the last three asleep, and he all alone in the dark.

This cry, "What, could ye not watch with me one hour?" is the groan of the human for sympathy, the yearning of the man for fellowship. That Gethsemane prayer is but a striking illustration of the universal necessity, so is this cry of loneliness echoed and re-echoed, with more or less clearness, in every throbbing bosom throughout humanity. This graphic story of the Gethsemane tragedy teaches us that from Jesus down we are not only so constituted that we are compelled to look *Godward*, beyond the finite into the infinite, but we must also yearn *manward* from self to fellow. Independence is one of the noble words of the nineteenth century, but this boasted motto finds its limitations on the one hand in the consciousness of God, a power not ourselves, over and beyond us; and on the other of fellow beings, and sooner or later a yearning will take possession of every soul for a sense of sonship with the one and a sense of brotherhood with the other.

In this discourse let us make a few studies of religion on the brotherhood side. My theme is

SYMPATHY,

and I will ask: 1. What is it? 2. Where is it to be found? 3. What are the conditions of the endowment? 4. What are we to do about it?

1. What is it? We find a hint of the value of the thing in the word itself. The sagacity of the old Greeks wrapped up the sweetest significance in the word of our subject,—*syn*—with, *pathos*—feeling,—sympathy—not the feeling for others, that is something cold and presumptuous, in it there is an implication of superiority. Sympathy is something more than the pity which the fortunate can spare to the unfortunate, which the strong can afford to give to the weak, the crumbs which Dives allows to fall from his groaning table for the benefit of Lazarus, the corn which Boaz orders the reapers to leave that Ruth may glean it. There is that in this pity that scars whatsoever it touches, it irritates the wounds it is meant to heal, it

sometimes makes heavier the burden it would help to carry. Sympathy is something better even than that love which is born of passion, which is partial, which follows the whims of temperament, of taste, or of caste; for it is the feeling *with*, the power to enter into another's experience, the making another's gladness or sorrow our own. It is that which enables one to realize St. Paul's ideal of power, to "rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep." Sympathy is warm, is brotherly, it is sisterly. Thus interpreted it becomes at once the deepest need and the highest attainment of the human soul. Closely analyzed I think we shall discover that the root of most human effort, toil and study is this hunger for sympathy. It is the groping of the soul for fellowship. This, more than any other one thing, makes money, education, power, beauty altogether desirable when they pave the way into the confidence of others. "I want to be somebody in the world", says the boy. What he means is, he wants to be somebody in the estimation of his friends, in the confidence of his neighbors, in the hearts of those he respects, in the eye of her he loves. These things he desires more than to be somebody in his own estimation. For after all, the soul knows itself to be of more value than it goes for. After everything is said concerning the conceit of the day—let us admit that our people are smitten with what Emerson calls the goitre of egotism—yet every one has a timid consciousness, which springs from deepest humility, that tells him that he is worth more than the popular estimate of himself.

Every poet knows that his best is still unwritten.

"Dwells within the soul of every artist  
More than all his effort can express,  
And he knows the best remains unuttered,  
Sighing at what we call his success."

However well shaped his system, the philosopher knows that his philosophy is nobler than his book. No token of kindness adequately symbolizes the tides that flow through a lover's heart.

"Love may strive, but vain is the endeavor  
All its boundless riches to unfold;  
Still its tenderest, truest secret lingers  
Ever in its deepest depths untold."

Now this reserve of soul, the sense of uninvested wealth, is not limited to those whom we think of as poets, artists, philosophers and lovers. However narrow the orbit of the servant girl, she knows, if no one else does, that its boundary lines strike outside of the pantry and the dining room. The tramp knows that he is more than tramp. The homeless vagabond has home capacities and the criminal is not all crime. Is it strange that out of this consciousness should spring the thirst of the human soul for appreciation—for sympathy? Think of the lad behind the counter,—around eddies daily a human whirlpool in awful unconcern of him. It is unmindful of his sad recollections, and ignorant of his aspirations. In all this big city he may have no fellow to *feel with* him. Is it strange that he should plunge into his work, toil late and early, hoard his dimes, and starve his generous impulses? People will call him worldly-minded, will see the



miser rapidly growing. They will call him selfish, penurious, and the people are right. But they are very likely to forget that these traits were born out of a desperate determination to win recognition, to buy fellowship, to make a place for himself among his fellows. Another boy similarly hedged in becomes a patient student of the art of pleasing, until at last his over-scrupulous dress and simpering manner may seem to justify the shrug of the shoulder, the wink of the eye that passes him by as a fop. But had the passer-by a keener eye, the vision which sympathy alone gives, he would discover that even here was a heart laden with nobler things, that in that life there was spiritual seed dying for want of sympathetic atmosphere in which to germinate. A third boy, under the sting of the same Gethsemane loneliness, finding all the world asleep to all the best and truest in him, rushes into that contaminated air where the stench of the burning weed and fiery liquid is wholesome compared with the deadlier atmosphere of the spirit, rank with ribaldry and loose passion. He is promptly branded as dissolute. We say he fell a victim to appetite, but God and the angels must know that one cause of the fall is found in the fact that in all this city, ringing with its pulpit eloquence, proud of its churches, boastful even of its Christianity, which dies when the vain claim it, the only places that seemed to offer him free fellowship were those which, more than any other material enclosure, deserve the name of hell. Their doors were the only ones at which his tap would cause them to open with a seeming, "Hail brother! Good cheer!"

May we not enter into the life of the lonely girl standing in that solitude, made doubly deep, that still surrounds her sex in many conditions. She has a soul which has large uses for fellowship, great sympathetic possibilities, and finding all the gates barred that lead to this exchange, she turns, and with more than masculine heroism and persistence wrings from obstinate circumstances position, culture, influence. The unsympathetic will certainly sneer at her strong mindedness, they will distrust her ambition, all too stupid to feel the delicate and tearful springs that move her to action so conspicuous. Another girl under similar circumstances will tarry too long before the mirror. Self-decoration will become a calling. A passion to please summons all her resources to the work of silking and pluming the body. The unsympathetic will call her a flirt, a victim of fashion, but sentimentality all aside, the true insight which is born of sympathy would see that at the outset, at least, that pent-up passion might have been led into nobler channels, that these unholy follies were the result of holy yearnings. "Silly" seems to be a corruption of a Saxon root meaning good, so the "silliness" we complain of in this girl is the pitiable degeneracy of a noble hunger for companionship,—some one with whom to share her hopes and joys, her doubts and fears; in short, some one to sympathize with her. And, friends, if the mists settle over the road over which such a hungry soul travels, seeking bread and finding but stones, and she wanders off in unwonted paths, which lead her to disgrace and shame, it is the lack of this rarest grace in us that permits us to scorn, avoid and condemn. The sympathetic heart sees "through the troubled surface of her crime a depth of purity immovable". It forgets the blot while it contemplates the ample folds of the drapery that enfolds nobler possibilities, and it can see an angel rising like the fabled bird out of the fire of shame and disappointment that would take wings in the atmosphere of love. I tell you a crushing sense of loneliness is the trial of trials to the human soul. When the young man or woman realizes that old associations are severed, when he or she sits down under the first great homesickness, then often comes the crisis of a life. It is not so hard a thing to bare one's bosom to the leaden storm, or charge a line of nodding bayonets with a cheer, when elbow touches elbow, and the strength of the whole line thrills in the blood of each comrade; but more trying it is to stand on the lonely

outpost in the deserted woods, or on the forsaken hills all alone at midnight, with comrades sleeping a mile away. The knees that have done willing service in the charge have often trembled on picket. It is, or ought to be, an easy thing for those who are surrounded with kindred spirits, who are permitted to gather together to praise and pray in a common language, and in a common faith, to be loyal to their convictions. But a harder matter it is for the theologically suspected, the religious outcast, the picket guard of an unpopular faith, to stand both true and cheerful at his post when there is no one within hailing distance to respond to his "all is well". Not the Puritans triumphant, burning witches, exiling Quakers and Baptists, challenge the sympathy and command the admiration of the world, but the Puritans in exile, kneeling upon the inhospitable rocks which girded an unknown continent. Why is it that in health and strength men so shrink from death, and liken it to a passage through a dark river? and yet when they get down by the river's edge in most cases the anticipated gloom is not there, and they do not shrink from the mystic ferryman they so much dreaded. Is it not because they miss the expected loneliness? I have a feeling that is ever rising into faith that ere one quite loses the friendly grasp of friends on this side, other and familiar hands are extended from the farther shore, willing and anxious to help one over.

I say sympathy is one of the most universal needs of the human soul, because it is felt through all ranks and conditions. It is the need of the gifted and the ignorant, the want of the rich and the poor, the saint and the sinner. The poor dumb dog who has lost his way looks piteously into your face, and pleads with an earnestness that needs no words for sympathy, and when such is given him, by the most wretched vagabond,

"He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.  
There isn't another creature living  
Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,  
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving,  
To such a miserable, thankless master."

The genius of Henry Kirke White echoes the cry, and voices the burden of Roger, the vagabond's dog, when he says,

"It is not that my lot is low  
That makes this silent tear to flow;  
It is not grief that bids me moan;  
It is that I am all alone.

The woods and winds with sullen wail  
Tell all the same unvaried tale;  
I've none to smile when I am free,  
And when I sigh to sigh with me.

Yet in my dreams a form I view,  
That thinks on me and loves me too;  
I start, and when the vision's flown,  
I weep that I am all alone."

The weakling, maddened by drink, rushes into the excitements of vice, because he is "so lonely". The pure, gentle Whittier turns aside from fame and influence to confess the emptiness of all these when the heart is lonely. The old schoolmate who said that the years had brought neither talent, wealth nor reputation to boast of, nothing but hard hire and fellowship with the tender ties of the home circle, inadvertently spoke of the little grand-daughter "Constance" waiting his return on the Illinois prairie. To this the poet's heart responded,

"The years, that since we met have flown,  
Leave, as they found me, still alone,  
Nor wife, nor child, nor grandchild dear,  
Are mine, the heart of age to cheer.  
More favored thou; with hair less gray  
Than mine, canst let thy fancy stray  
To where that little Constance sees  
The prairie ripple in the breeze.  
For one like her to lisp thy name,  
Is better than the voice of fame."

Sympathy is the universal need, from Jesus the sovereign spirit to the poor soul in whose presence we would blush



to be seen, whose name we fear to mention, as we gather our robes about us and pass her by on the other side. From deaf, genius-ridden Beethoven, who in his great solitude confessed: "I was nigh taking my life with my own hands but art held me back: I could not leave the world until I had revealed what lay within me", down to the girl who washes our dishes, comes the cry for fellowship. Sympathy is not a thing of place any more than of rank. The hunger overtakes us in the jostling crowd more often than in forest depths, or in mountain gorges. For nature never leaves one wholly solitary. It is only human nature that severs the connection that should bind all the children of God in one. "To be friendless is to be solitary", says Epictetus. In the giddy throng in the over-packed upper chambers of our cities is to be found a hunger of heart deeper, an isolation of soul more painful and dangerous, than that to be found in the cow boy's tent in New Mexico, or the miner's camp of Arizona.

"To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,  
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,  
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,  
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;  
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,  
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;  
Alone o'er steep and foaming falls to lean;  
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold  
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unrolled.

"But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,  
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,  
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,  
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless,  
Minions of splendor shrinking from distress!  
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,  
If we were not, would seem to smile the less  
Of all that flattered, followed, sought and sued:  
This is to be alone; this, this is solitude."

## II. HOW AND WHERE IS SYMPATHY TO BE FOUND?

First of all learn that the giving and the receiving is not confined to any conventional equality. Jesus found it with the fishermen, the lowly men and humble women of Galilee, Samaria and Bethany. He gave it to and received it from publicans and sinners, heretics and strangers. Let us make no mistakes here. Let us beware of that pride that in his name dares boast of a Christianity that excludes, that teaches its devotees to isolate themselves on self-erected pedestals of moral aristocracy, intellectual exclusiveness, sectarian narrowness, or pretentious piety, which turns away from the truth seekers and truth tellers, who find in Jesus their boldest exemplar; and who look down with insolent pity upon such as Jesus, the brave lover of man, sought to save, those whose sorrows and shames he would make his own, by whose love he was enriched. Christendom has much to learn yet from the old heathen Terence:—"I deem nothing foreign that is human." All men are compounded of the same dust, animated by sparks of the same divinity. Because of this consanguinity, this blood relationship, all hearts speak one language. Sympathy is the perpetual Pentecost that makes intelligible the language of each to all, and this communion of spirit is ever reciprocal. It gives mutual strength. She who clutched at the hem of the helper's garments, who bathed with tears the feet of the friend of man and anointed his head for the burial "wrought a good work" upon him, as well as found renewal and forgiveness in her own soul. O! there is a sensibility yet to come that will show a pitiful brutality in the flippant epithets we now toss complacently from our lips as though they were the exact phrases of political economy and social science. The time is coming when men will be ashamed to *classify* and divide with stolid cruelty their own kin; those to whom they are bound by a thousand ties, subtle indeed, but strong and inevitable as God's law of gravitation. He who talks of "the masses", "the dangerous class", "the hopeless class", "the abandoned", "the atheists", "the infidels", "the criminals", "the fallen women" and the "lawless men" in such a way as to leave himself outside

and above them is a self-made spiritual exile, wanting that open vision and sensibility of soul that becomes a conscious child of God. There is in store for most of us a shame that is inexpressible, when we discover how near we are to each other, when we realize that we have been walking through the world aloof from our kind, while all the time our hearts did beat and break in one rhythm. Some day we shall blush upon finding how slight was the chasm that separated the servant from the served, the judged from the adjudged, the court from the criminal, the saint from the sinner, the believer from the skeptic, the confident orthodox from the suspected heterodox. The piano and the wash-tub are very near each other. No great space divides him who turns the key in the iron bars of the cell in the name of justice and the crouching wretch within. Even the superficial eye must see how difficult it is at times to distinguish between the constable and the prisoner. Aye, to the all-seeing eye methinks Judas and John are not so far apart as they may seem, and the Magdalen and the Madonna have much in common. Where the heart is most human there is the most sympathy; the higher and broader the soul, the greater the contact with others, in the more points can it touch all other souls. Here nobility is most often misunderstood. The generous more than the sordid needs the balm of fellowship. Where the supply is bountiful the demand is great. The friendship of the fishermen was dear to Jesus. The love of the rustics was consolation to his heart. Poor Blanco White, who died uninterpreted and misunderstood, was wont to ask his faithful servant Margaret to sit in the room with him hours at a time, that he might be "strengthened by the presence of a human being". This is sensibility worthy

"One who spite the wrongs that lacerate  
His weary soul did never learn to hate."

## III. HOW IS THIS SYMPATHY TO BE SECURED?

Only in the path of duty. I will not say that virtue is the only condition of sympathy, but I will say that virtuous impulses are the only wires that transmit the sympathetic message. Too long have men made the fatal mistake of seeking companionship by conscience-compromises. For this boon good people enslave themselves to public opinion. For this purpose the young woman foregoes solid culture for the demonstrative accomplishments that bring "respectability". The young man conforms to the fashions and customs he despises, because forsooth, he "must have friends". It was a prevalent belief during the enlistment strain of our last war that the soldier boy must sign away something of his integrity, give up somewhat of his habit of temperance, reverence and purity, and take up instead the petty vices of the camp as a means of self-defense in order to find fellowship enough to make life possible, or in common phrase, "to get along at all". The same idea still prevails in certain business quarters. Conscience is supposed to be in the way of business prosperity and social standing. Better not have too clearly defined conviction, better keep religious opinions in the background, seek the most *social* church, sit in the easiest pew, support that preacher who is the frictionless representative of common-places, the man who like Gascoigne, the rector in "Daniel Deronda", finds his chief recommendation in the fact that he is a man of "moderate views", and you will get along. Even our churches undertake to establish their fellowship on the treacherous sands of expediency. Deacons keep half an eye open towards the beckoning finger of God, both eyes wide open towards the beckoning hand of policy and those things that will rent pews and fill the treasury box. Not the truest, but the most available is often the demand of the committee men, not he who lives nearest the heart of God, but he who can please the largest audience is too often the one called to administer at the shrines of religion. "I do not know how to preach in such a way as to help my church, and at the same time be honest with myself", said a prominent preacher, as if he could do good to his church by being dishonest with himself.



Now, friends, all this is a libel on human nature. The deeper testimony of every soul declares it false. Nobility alone commands real respect. Uprightness only stirs true love in the heart. The friendship of vice can be only seeming. Selfishness is the tap root of sin, and this destroys the power either to give or to receive sympathy. No drunkard sinks so low, but respects his temperate neighbor more than the companion of his revels. The most pitiable woman in this city, I must believe, has an inward drawing toward the purest sister among us, and if she only dared would often throw herself at her feet and clutch the very hem of her garment, as one did so long ago at the feet of the blessed Nazarene. Let him then who seeks sympathy be a truth seeker and server. Let him loyally fight life's battle on the line of the right. O young man, seek not even fellowship at the cost of a single grain of manliness, sacrifice not a hair's breadth of that which makes for character, and sister woman, seek not even the boon of fellowship at the expense of modesty, economy or common sense. Seek these and you will find more sympathy in store for you than you know of. We are always in danger of underestimating the good will there is for us in the world. Have you not groped about on a dark night, floundering in mud and rain alone, bewildered, lost, when by some sudden flash of lightning from above you are surprised to find friendly objects all around? Your gate stands open near by and your home door is almost within reach. Such is the darkness of our isolated lives. When the storm seems most pitiless some terrible flash of lightning, sickness, death, shame even, comes and surprises us with a revelation of near friends. We find how close we are to one another after all. One shot at Sumter made patriotic brothers of all the partisan battalions of the North. One flood of fire sweeping over the city, and the commercial avenues of the world, established perhaps in selfishness and for selfish ends, are transformed into a great arterial system through which go pulsing to one common centre the love and sympathy of the world.

#### IV. WHAT ARE WE TO DO ABOUT IT?

Persuaded that sympathy is the universal need of the human soul, persuaded also that there is more of it in the world than we often give the world credit for, that a part of our loneliness springs from our blindness, still the truth is clear that there is less of this holy commodity in the world than there ought to be. We are all poverty-stricken in this direction. We have invested too little in the bank of fraternity and our right to draw upon the same is very limited. If sympathy is our deepest need, the power to give it is the finest fruit of culture. It marks a growth of spirit not easily attained. It comes only by effort. No vicariousness will buy spiritual tenderness. It must flow direct from heart to heart and know no mediation. Physics teaches us that every atom is eternally isolated, that no power can divide the last line that separates it from every other atom. So is it with spirit. No sympathy can annihilate the last line that separates soul from soul. We have nothing to fear for our individuality. Let us lean hard, the one upon the other, and stand strongly the one for the other. Let us throw ourselves into this onrolling river of fellowship, interpret religion more and more by its humanizing power. Let us live for the state that is throwing its maternal arms around the deaf, the feeble and the unfortunate of every class. Let us support that church that remembers in pity the morally feeble, that has sympathy for those with darkened consciences and crippled wills. These are the unfortunates for whom as yet there is meager fellowship, too little of the sympathy that is helpful. The reproach of the damned souls in the Parsee parable is our reproach. They, on meeting the redeemed after death said, "We are here in torture because you did not teach us the better way." Charles Lamb, writing out of his Gethsemane loneliness said to Coleridge, "Alas! The great and good go together in separate herds, leaving such as we to lag far behind in intellectual and moral accomplishments.

Single-handed and alone what can I do?" Charles Lamb was mistaken. The truly good and truly great never have gone and never will go "together in separate herds." "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest" is no theological dogma in an arbitrary scheme of salvation. It is the warm outpouring of every God-serving spirit. It is the sympathetic invitation of all Christly hearts. Come and find the rest that comes from co-operation, from fellow suffering, from mutual strivings, from kindred love. That is no church of the Holy Spirit that binds men together in selfish bands, unites exclusive circles for purposes of self-insurance—handfuls of heaven bound souls seeking to get there by themselves; but it is a company of men and women binding themselves together for the purpose of helping the helpless, of strengthening the weak and of ennobling the world. That alone is the Christianity of Christ, which inspires men to resign the joys of a secured heaven for the purpose of sharing the burdens of those who dwell in the abodes of woe. Like Robert Falconer in George MacDonald's story, this Christian church is religion gone into business. It is saintliness in working-day clothes. It is piety surveying the boundary of the kingdom of heaven in the fields of earth. It asks not assent to dogma, however high, but it impels to kindliness, and inspires tenderness. The condition of membership is not pretensions of belief, but intentions to practice. Not thought, but thoughtfulness. Not faith even, unless it culminates in faithfulness. Not dying, but living ever for others. And when the dying moment comes, instead of a sickly self-consciousness filled with anxiety concerning the future, let there come the noble abandon of Conductor Bradley, who sinking crushed at the brake uses his last breath to say, "Put out the lights and save the next train." Once we know the inspiration of this religion which is sympathy, instead of falling to sleep in the first hour of the watch, a lifetime will be all too short for us to watch with any neglected or injured child of our Father, out of whose eternal embrace no loving soul can ever fall.

### The Study Table.

*Hold Up Your Heads, Girls!* By Annie H. Ryder. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 197. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.00.

What young person reads a book written with a view of benefiting young persons? The number of such readers of such books is usually so small that one must have a deep conviction back of his undertaking to embolden him to write anything of the kind. Nevertheless, there are writers who can win audiences with this kind of book, and we believe Annie H. Ryder to be one of them. Much of one's success in getting a hearing with such a book depends upon the manner and spirit in which the matters discussed are presented. Young people are sick of being *preached* to; but they will willingly be *talked* to, if the talker be in earnest, be possessed of insight, and have not forgotten that he or she ever had a boyhood or girlhood. The eleven talks which appear under the striking hortatory title quoted above are full of the same things that have always been preached to young people, but they are pervaded by such an atmosphere of freshness, zest, intimacy with nature and the best writers, and are so unconventional in expression, that they must be widely read and deeply pondered. God speed them!

E. R. C.

*From Jest to Earnest.* By E. P. Roe. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

This is a vacation edition; a paper-covered folio, at twenty-five cents, of one of the most popular novels of the author. The type is good and the book an easy one to handle, or to tuck into a shawl-strap. The story covers the conversion of the heroine from a coquette into a true woman, and from a society belle into a Christian. Mr. Roe's literary style is too well known to need discussion here.

L. A. L.



## Twenty-Five Songs.

We print a third instalment of hymns for the proposed Leaflet. See page 325 of UNITY for August 7. Help us by trying them and sending (to UNITY office) suggestions about words or music. Criticise without fear. In the tune-name the letters "G. H." stand for the large Moody & Sankey collection of "Gospel Hymns", four parts bound in one volume.

### The Living Word.

*Tune, "Whosoever Will", in G. H., 10.*

Shining thoughts that ever human speech  
have starred  
Make the sacred scriptures that the ages  
guard;  
Be it word of prophet, be it song of bard,  
Every truth is Holy Writ.  
*Chorus:* Quickly dies the day,  
Nations fade away,  
But the truth made manifest shall live for aye.  
With the light of Sinai each new morn is lit;  
Every truth is Holy Writ.

Down to every nation from the vanished past  
Comes the trust of adding new truth to the  
last,  
That the future's fee grow vaster and more  
vast.  
Every truth is Holy Writ.

Every life lived nobly, even though unknown,  
Addeth to the scriptures graven not on stone.  
Be it word or action, be it thought alone,  
Every truth is Holy Writ.

LILY A. LONG.

### Coming.

*Tune, "Sweet By-and-By", in G. H., 204.*

There's a Hope that is fairer than day,  
And it brightens the earth and the sky,—  
We may scatter our seed by the way,  
For the harvest will come by and by.  
*Chorus:* For we hope in the Lord,  
And his kingdom will come by and by!

There's a Faith that is truer than sight,  
And it leads us through pathways unknown;  
Not a sparrow can fall in the night,  
Not a soul can be lost from its own.  
*Chorus:* For we trust in the Lord,  
And his kingdom will come by and by!

There's a Love that is deeper than all,  
And it pulses in life everywhere:  
Neither failure nor loss can befall,  
When we rest in the Infinite Care.  
*Chorus:* For we live in the Lord,  
And his kingdom will come by and by!

EMMA E. MAREAN.

### Father, I Need Thee.

*Tune, "Almost Persuaded", in G. H., 75.*

Father, I need thee! troubles abound,  
Billows on billows break all around;  
Hold out thy saving hand,  
Help me in faith to stand;  
Thou dost the waves command,—  
I shall not sink.

Father, I need thee! dangers are near;  
Thine arm around me, I will not fear.  
Teach me thy voice to know  
Speaking so clear and low,—  
"Fear not, with thee I go,  
Thou shalt o'ercome!"

Father, I hear thee! hear and obey,  
Know thou art near me, near me alway,—  
Near me when troubles lower,  
Near in temptation's hour,  
Near me, O Love and Power!  
More near than near!

Father, I trust thee! Thou wilt defend,  
Comfort and guard me, on to the end.  
Still would I do my part,  
Keep a brave, cheerful heart;  
Since thou my helper art,  
I shall not fall.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

### Work for Thy God, Thy Father.

*Tune, "One more day's work for Jesus", in G. H., 28.*

Work for thy God, thy Father,  
While yet 'tis called the day;  
For life grows dearer,  
As death draws nearer  
The busy hand to stay.  
Work while 'tis day,  
Do bravely while ye may.  
*Chorus:* Work for thy God, thy Father,  
Work for thy God, thy Father,  
Work for thy God, thy Father,  
While yet 'tis called the day!

Oh, work thou for thy brother,—  
Thy brother's need is great;  
The time for winning  
The weak, the sinning,  
Is now,—dare not to wait;  
Feel thou his need,  
Do thou the noble deed.

*Chorus:* Work, work thou for thy brother,  
Work, work thou for thy brother,  
Work, work thou for thy brother,—  
Thy brother's need is great.

Thy brother and thy Father,—  
The work, O soul, is one!  
The painful labor,  
Done for thy neighbor,  
For God is also done.  
His smile will light,  
The dark and troubled night,  
*Chorus:* When work for man and brother,  
When tears for man and brother,  
When prayers for man and brother,  
Are ended here and done.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

### The Hope of the World Is Loving.

*Tune, "The Light of the World is Jesus", in G. H., 41*

Away with all thought that is selfish and  
cold,—  
The hope of the world is loving!  
In generous deeds let the spirit be bold,—  
The hope of the world is loving.  
*Chorus:* Fountain of Love! our source is in  
thee,  
Doing thy will the spirit is free.  
Beautiful day, when all of us see  
The hope of the world is loving!

How dark is the soul in its bondage of sin,—  
The hope of the world is loving!  
Yet never too dark for a dawn to begin!  
The hope of the world is loving!

And all the sad faces of earth shall be glad,—  
The hope of the world is loving!  
Like deserts shall bloom and with laughter be  
clad,—  
The hope of the world is loving.

Oh, joy thus to live for the spirit's release,—  
The hope of the world is loving!  
And see even here the fair City of Peace!  
The hope of the world is loving!

ABBIE M. GANNETT.

### There Is a Light.

*Tune, "There is a Fountain", in G. H., 91.*

There is a Light that cannot fade,  
A Love that will prove true,  
A life within this earthly shade  
That throbs all Nature through.  
*Chorus:* It throbs all Nature through in love,  
It throbs all Nature through,  
A Life within this earthly shade  
That throbs all Nature through.

Though darkness blind these eyes of sense,  
Though grief or doubt appall,  
My soul hath caught that Light intense,—  
I trust, and do not fall.  
*Chorus:* I trust, and cannot fall from love,—

Who guards through childhood's thoughtless  
day,  
Who watches while we sleep,  
He is the Light in death's dark way,  
And will his children keep.  
*Chorus:* He will his children keep in love,—

Lo! in the storm-cloud's rolling crest,  
The violet in the shade,  
And in my heart, One Light doth rest,—  
The Light that cannot fade!  
*Chorus:* A Light that cannot fade for love,  
A Light that cannot fade,  
In my still heart a Light doth rest,—  
The Light that cannot fade.

J. N. SPRIGG.

### A Bowing, Burdened Head.

*Tune, "I Need Thee Every Hour", in G. H., 3.*

A bowing, burdened head,  
That asks to rest,  
Unquestioning, upon  
A loving breast.  
*Chorus:* I need thee, oh! I need thee;  
Every hour I need thee;  
O bless me now, my Father,  
I come to thee.

I am not eager, bold,—  
All that is past;  
Am ready not to do,  
At last, at last!

My half day's work is done,  
And this my part,—  
I give a patient God  
My patient heart.

I grasp his banner still,  
Its blue all dim;  
These stripes, no less than stars,  
Lead after him.

MRS. ROBERT S. HOWLAND (?) altered.



## UNITY

AND THE UNIVERSITY.

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## Notes from the Field.

**The National Conference Programme.**—The twelfth meeting of the National Conference of Unitarian and other Christian churches will be held in the First Methodist Episcopal church, Saratoga, N. Y., beginning on Monday evening, September 20, and continuing through Friday, the 24th. So far as arranged, the programme will be as follows:—

Monday evening, opening religious service, with sermon by Rev. John W. Chadwick.  
Tuesday morning, organization, appointment of committees, etc. Hon. Samuel F. Miller, president of the Conference and Justice of the United States Supreme court, Washington, D.C., will preside. Report of the council, by Rev. James De Normandie, chairman; of the American Unitarian Association, by Rev. J. Reynolds, secretary; of the Western Conference, by Rev. J. R. Effinger, secretary; report of the trustees of the Church Building Loan Fund, by Rev. H. N. Brown, secretary, followed by remarks from Rev. Brooke Herford; reception of foreign delegates. In the afternoon, report on state and local conferences, by Rev. T. B. Forbush; of the eastern and western Sunday-school societies, by their secretaries, Rev. H. G. Spaulding and Mrs. Ellen T. Leonard. In the evening, missionary meeting. General subject, "Our Opportunity". Addresses by Rev. G. Reynolds, Rev. George A. Thayer, Rev. J. C. Learned, Rev. A. D. Mayo, Mrs. Isabel C. Barrows, Prof. Booker T. Washington.

Wednesday morning, four papers upon "The Relation of Religious and Scientific Thought at the Present Day", by Rev. Dr. G. Vance Smith, of Wales; Rev. H. M. Simmons, of Minneapolis; Rev. M. J. Savage, of Boston; and Rev. S. R. Calthrop, of Syracuse. In the afternoon, public meeting of the Women's Auxiliary Conference. In the evening, four papers upon "The Work and Life of the Church at the Present Day": (1) "The New Ethics and the New Piety", by Rev. Charles F. Dole; (2) "The Intellectual Work of the Church", by Rev. J. H. Crooker; (3) "The Charitable Work", by Rev. Dr. Edward E. Hale; (4) "The Missionary Work", by Rev. I. L. Jones.

Thursday morning, general subject, "Religion in its Relation to Capital and Labor". Papers on "Arbitration", by William B. Weeden, of Providence, and on "The Present Actual Condition of the Workingman", by Hon. Carroll D. Wright, of Boston. In the afternoon, three papers on "The Use and Abuse of Alcohol and Tobacco": (1) "The Attitude of the Church toward the

Dram-shop", by Judge Robert C. Pitman; (2) "A Medical View of the Subject", by Francis Minot, M.D., of Boston; (3) "An Economic View", by Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, of Melrose. In the evening, four essays upon "Religious Education": (1) "The Influences of the Home", by Rev. Joseph May; (2) "The Church", by —; (3) "The Sunday-school", by Rev. S. C. Beach; (4) "The Public School", by James MacAlister, Superintendent of Public Schools of Philadelphia.

Friday morning, four papers upon "Religion and Music": (1) "Music as a Language of Religion", by Rev. James Vila Blake; (2) "Congregational Singing", by Mr. George A. Burdette, of Brookline; (3) "The Choir", by Rev. William H. Lyon; (4) "The Organ", by Mr. Arthur Foote. In the evening, closing religious service, with sermon by Rev. John Snyder, of St. Louis. The usual Social Meeting in the parlors of the United States Hotel will follow.

There will be devotional meetings every morning, and business sessions as often as may be required. The hotels and railroads offer their usual special rates to all attending the Conference, fuller announcement of which will be made later.

RUSSELL N. BELLOWES,  
Secretary.

WALPOLE, N. H.

**Boston Notes.**—Rev. Fred A. Farley, of Brooklyn, is eighty-six years old, his brother, Rev. Charles A. Farley, of Boston, is eighty years old. Salem, Marblehead, Gloucester and Beverly on the north shore of Massachusetts Bay, and Cohasset and Scituate on the south shore, swarm with eastern and western Unitarian ministers. Many of them are hardy sailors and expert fishermen. They are beginning to gather up their fish lines and the few fresh sermons they have accomplished, to be ready for a homeward start. Their first autumn Sunday efforts will be redolent of sea breezes and forest melodies. Bro. Bond, among the Crow Indians, is not waiting for funds to build his school-house, but in full faith in his brethren has so far pushed the work that before cold weather he and his devoted wife will have their mission and school well started. The Sunday-school half-day at the Saratoga Conference will give out the wisdom gained at local Conferences of Sunday-school superintendents and teachers last winter. Rev. H. G. Spaulding, the untiring secretary of the Sunday-school Society, holds up as mottoes, "New truths", "Earnest work", "Elastic methods", "Bright workers".

**Indiana.**—Rev. A. G. Jennings, secretary of the Indiana Conference of Unitarian and Independent Religious Societies, announces that he is prepared to lecture on the following subjects.

1. What is Religion?
2. Are the Doctrines of the Liberal Churches Promotive of Piety?
3. Gnostics and Agnostics.
4. The Future Life, Its Relation to the Present.
5. The Book of Revelation.
6. The Problem of Human Misery.
7. What Shall We Do with Our Criminal Classes?
8. Temperance, or Ten Reasons Why Men Should Not Drink Rum.

These lectures will be given on week evenings, in the state of Indiana, without charge except for expenses, the object being to help the cause of rational religion in the state.

Unitarian literature sent free of charge, except for postage, to any one in the state making application. Correspondence solicited. Address, A. G. JENNINGS, Box 465, La Porte, Ind.

**Personals.** Rev. Rowland Connor has been spending the summer at Madison, Wisconsin, and preaching most acceptably at the Unitarian church at this place.—Rev. Mr. Crothers, of Brattleboro, Vermont, is occupy-

the Unity church, at St. Paul, for two Sundays, and Rev. H. A. Westall, of Woburn, Mass., is preaching at Bloomington, Ill. Secretary Effinger and family have settled in their new home at Normal Park, and henceforth he will be near the center of things pertaining to western Unitarianism.

**Iowa.**—From a private letter we learn that Mr. Hunting, like nature, has been most active in the hot months, visiting the penitentiary at Fort Madison in the interest of the Prisoners' Aid Association, a delegate to the Conference of Charities at St. Paul, cheering the friends at Keokuk, who have raised \$4,000 of their \$60,000 debt pending, and as mentioned in our last UNITY, stirring things at Newton, with prospects of permanent results.

## Potanical.

I walked and heard a swash,  
A plaintive swish, swish, swash.  
"Is it," I cried, "the sea—  
The deep, the murmurous sea;  
The mighty, murmurous sea?"  
No, no: I looked around  
And saw upon the ground  
An admirable squash,  
From which emerged the sound.

Now, on my many a walk,  
With trowel and tin box,  
In search of stems and stocks,  
When with a skillful lunge I  
Snap flowers, ferns and fungi,  
I've learned to know the talk  
Of vegetable creatures,  
And find them oft good teachers.  
So when I caught the wash  
Of the swish, swish, swash  
Of the inwards of the squash,  
I took not long to wonder  
How I could make the blunder,  
To think squash swash could be  
The mighty murmurous sea.  
Then down I bent my ear  
To the complaining squash,  
That better I might hear,—  
And learned 'twas discontented,  
Dejected, and demented  
With ponderous wish to quash  
An acorn that lay near.  
"For look," it said, "'tis clear  
A fine thing that to be  
The fruit of a great tree!  
Did ever sturdy root,  
Did ever spreading limb  
Produce such puny, slim,  
And miserable fruit?  
Something, 'tis plain, is wrong;  
The fruit of such a tree  
Should be plethoric, strong;  
Like—well, for instance, me."

Whether aught more it spoke  
I could not hear; but thought  
How delicately fraught  
Is Nature with disguise,  
Before our pampered eyes,  
Which stare and yet see not.  
The acorn grew an oak;  
The squash, it went to pot.

J. V. B.

## Protectionists

Who wish to diffuse a general understanding of their principles can find no better compendium than the **American Protectionist's Manual**, by Giles B. Stebbins. The Chicago Inter Ocean says: "It collects the largest and most valuable and the freshest and most readable fund of information ever brought together in so short a compass upon economic subjects. It is more instructive than any book of like dimensions ever issued in England, France or America." 192 pages, cloth, 75 cents; paper, 40 cents, postpaid. CHARLES H. KERR & CO., Publishers, 175 Dearborn St., Chicago.

## WHAT IS IT TO BE A CHRISTIAN?

A Sermon by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Pastor of All Souls (Unitarian) Church, Chicago. Price, 5 cents, 10 copies, 25 cents, postpaid. CHARLES H. KERR & CO., Publishers, 175 Dearborn Street, Chicago.